

July 1
Dominion Day
Is Nice

July 4
Independence Day
Is Nice

July 14
Bastille Day
Is Nice

RESTORATION

But
We Think
July 2
Feast of the
Visitation
B.V.M.
Is
Nicer!

VOL. XI.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—JULY, 1958

No. 7

JOURNEY INWARD

By Catherine Doherty

The switch would appear today most old fashioned. It was made of brass. I know that now. Then, when I was five, all I knew was that it shone beautifully . . . and that if I stood on tip toes, on a chair to which I had climbed laboriously from a beautifully embroidered foot stool, I could reach the little funny knob of that shiny toy on the wall and produce a wondrous effect throughout the whole room.

I could light it . . . flood it with light. I, a tiny girl of five, could "make light". I never tired of this game. But I had many obstacles to overcome. For the grown ups, from father and mother down to my nurse, seemed to think that little girls should not "make light" whenever the spirit moved them. I never quite understood why.

Maker of Light

Now I know that it cost money. Ours was the first house in Ekaterinoslav, Russia, to have electric lights installed. All our friends used to come and behold the marvel. But of course they did not have to climb on pettipoint footstools, nor on expensive period chairs. They easily could reach my shiny toy . . . but somehow it amused them only for a short time. Many found the lamps glaring too!

Strange people, these grown ups—So I thought at five, while I played with my dolls . . . watching, always watching, for an opportunity to go back and "make light" again, when no one was looking.

It seems to me that I have been trying all my life to "make light". That I have spent all my years climbing immense heights . . . or descending into endless depths . . . always in search of the shiny "switch" of charity . . . The Caritas of God . . . His gift to us . . . His gift of Himself.

FOR HE IS LIGHT . . . AND THE SWITCH TO HIM IS GRACE . . . THE GRACE OF FAITH . . . OF THE SACRAMENTS . . . OF HOPE AND OF LOVE.

We Catholics all have this wondrous shiny gift put into our sinful hands. Yet so many of us . . . like the "grown-ups" of my childish days . . . get tired of being light . . . and making light for others. I never quite understood HOW ONE CAN BE TIRED OF HOLDING LOVE . . . AND BRINGING LOVE TO OTHERS . . .

Walk In The Dark?

Since life is a JOURNEY INWARD (or should be) for all of us . . . how can we make that journey without His light?

How can we find which path THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD . . . OUR BELOVED . . . wants us to take to prove our love for Him? In other words, what is our vocation?



Pictured at the recent Visitation to Stella Maris House, in Portland, Oregon are, (left to right) Diane Zdunich, Mrs. Catherine Doherty, Mary Kay Rowland, Pete Loftus, and Father Callahan.

If we use the switch of grace and prayers constantly . . . the light will speak to us—without speaking. Like the column of fire that led Moses and the Chosen People out of the desert . . . this light will lead us unto His paths. Perhaps the soul will be able to express in words a tiny portion of what really happens when THE LIGHT LEADS IT . . . It may be something like this:

I do not know
The day
Or hour . . .
Nor can
I tell . . .
If
It was
Noon
At night—
Or night
At noon!

One
Thing
I knew.
My Love
Had called.
I must
Arise
And go
Into some
Hidden
Rendezvous,
Some lovely
Solitude . . .
As I arose
I heard
Him speak—
"Not for
You a
Hidden
Rendezvous.
Arise and
Seek Me
On the
Busy streets,
The alley-ways
Dark and dank
That run
Into the
Banks
Of dirty
Waters
In busy
Towns
And slum
Areas
Without lawns . . .

"Your cloister
Is the
Market
Place
Without
Grace.
Your bells
The endless
Needs
That will
Pound
With
Dirty fists
Upon your
Door.

"Lauds
And Matins
You will
Chant
With busy
Hands
That feed
Those endless
Needs . . .
Your weary
Feet

Will recite
Compline
And Prime
As you
Serve
These sick
Poor of mine . . .
"The little
Hours
Will be said
As you
Led
Will be
Into
The pits
Of sin,
To bring
My lost
Sheep
Back in.

"The
Discipline
Of a thousand
Idle tongues
Will
Flagellate
Thy soul,
Thy heart,
Thy mind . . .
Until
My Father
Sees
My wounds
In thine . . .

"The cross
Of little
Things
Will grow
And grow
Until
It will
Prostrate
You in
The dust
Of a thousand
Roads—
In which
You
Will
Find
The imprint
Of my feet . . .

"Your
Time
Is now.
Arise
And go
In search
Of me.
Seek not
The rest
Of solitude.
I won't
Be there . . .
But You
Will find me
On every
Street,
And in the
Pit
Of the noisy
Market
Place
Without
Grace! . . .

"There
I,
Thy Love,
Will be.
Come,
Arise,
Go
In search
Of Me!"

EDDIES OF 1958

By Eddie Doherty

"And on the third day a marriage took place at Cana of Galilee, and the mother of Jesus was here. Now Jesus too was invited and also His disciples."

There must have been many people working to make everything ready for that marriage; and they must have worked with joy and eagerness and zeal, to get things in shape for Jesus and His mother and all the disciples.

Our Own Cana

Boys and girls of Madonna House worked just as eagerly and efficiently last month to get our Cana Colony ready for the fifty some families who will vacation here this year. They worked with as much love. And they were, I imagine, even happier than those people at Cana—because they are better friends of Jesus and Mary than anybody in Cana could have been in those days.

I wish you could have been there to watch them, even to help them. The work began on a perfect June day. The sun was bright and warm, but there was a delightful cool breeze. The young poplars were all silver and pale green; and their leaves danced gaily against the clear blue of the sky. The "cotton" tufts of the cottonwood trees played tag over the grounds, over the beautiful shallow lake, and over the lush green hills all around it. Wildflowers waved in the shady woods. And the birds could not keep still.

There were six big cabins to clean; and each had to be given special care. Beds had to be made. In many cases, this meant that mattresses had to be made too. For the children. And they must be comfortable no matter what their insides were—feathers, hay, straw, or fragrant leaves. There must be as few lumps as possible. A child should be able to go to sleep immediately on any one of them.

Clean Houses

The lamps had to be cleaned and filled; and the chimneys had to shine with cleanliness. The shelves and the wash stands had to be made spotless. The pails must be cleaned. The windows and window sills must be cleaned. The drinking glasses must be cleaned. The ash trays must be cleaned. The wash bowls must be cleaned. The floors must be swept and washed. And each cabin must have all its equipment, including even the broom and the dust pan.

You could see girls moving, arms loaded with blankets or sheets or pillow cases or small mattresses, from truck to cabin, or from cabin to cabin. You could see others carrying pails of water; or ladders; or brooms and mops and brushes.

You could see others cleaning the ice boxes, or washing the hundreds of dishes in St. Zita's, the community cook shack, and putting everything into perfect condition. There are thousands of items in this cook shack to supervise—not counting such things as cups and saucers and knives and forks and spoons. And every item had to be "just so", before Trudi Cortens, the assistant director, was satisfied with it.

Clean Chapel

You might have envied the girls who were assigned to clean the chapel. They felt so honored! They looked so reverent! They worked so diligently! And they found such solemn beauty in the task.

"Look", one of them said, pausing for a moment. A thin silken strand spun by a spider extended from the statue of Our Lady to a corner of the tabernacle on the altar below. The sun, shining through the yellow cross-shaped window behind the altar, made it blaze with radiance.

"Doesn't it remind you of one of the rays of graces streaming from the Virgin's hand? Even a little spider glorifies Our Lady!"

Next to the cook shack, Alf was busy, finishing the "P.X.", the post exchange, for the benefit of the colonists. They must have

postage stamps, cigarettes, and many other things. The stores are quite a long way down the road. The P.X. will be a great convenience to them.

In various places in the surrounding woods men were cutting wood and loading it into trucks. It takes a lot of kindling to keep the cook-stoves going during the Cana season.

A Clean Stove

One of the happiest of the workers was Kathy Rodman, Madonna House's registrar for the Summer School and the Cana Colony. She spent hours polishing the range in the cook shack.

"It's like getting ready for some very dear friends", she explained. "I've had so much correspondence with some of these people! It is as if I'd known them for years. Honestly, I'm excited about their coming."

Some of the letters Kathy received might very well have been from old and dear friends:

"We are looking forward to meeting you, and all we can think of is that week in August! It'll mean so much in so many ways that I can't find words to explain it, for it'll be our first real vacation in 12 years of marriage. Most of all we feel we'll really be showing God our thanks for all His blessings by making Him the center of our thoughts, and including Him in our plans. Recently we had a very serious crisis in our marriage, which nearly resulted in separation, but due to our need and love for each other we have reached a new and wonderful love and understanding . . ." Here's another:

Room For Us? Sure!

"Here may I say first, 'Praise be to God.' We are a family of eleven. Our plans for this summer were the shrines of Quebec province, but our lodging was a problem. So, after reading about you in Our Sunday Visitor, my lovely wife and I decided that was where God was calling us . . ." And another:

"We are a large family, including six girls from 17 to 1½. We saw your article in Our Sunday Visitor and my mother thought it would be a good place for us to go on a vacation. Since she is supporting us we cannot spend much on a vacation. How much would it cost for a week? Do you have electricity? Is there a place nearby to buy things we might need?" And still others:

"Your article really got us excited. You see, in the fifteen years we have been married, we have never had a vacation together. We have six small children. . . .

"I don't know if there is any place left in the world to accommodate our large family of 9 children. We have never had a vacation in 17 years of marriage. I guess maybe it's a dream you never realize, but thought I would inquire. What would the cost be for maybe a week? My baby is only 3 months. Could she be safely taken care of? . . ."

Rich In Children

"Just now read your article in Our Sunday Visitor. Am very anxious to go to such a place! Is it possible with very young children—6, 5, 4, 2, and 1 are their ages. We are young; 25; married at 18. My husband is a convert, really trying to be perfect. I am more ordinary. We have never gone on a vacation or even a real honeymoon . . ."

"Is one able to attend Mass every day? I have made a promise to do so until death unless forcibly deterred or physically unable . . ."

"I would like to know if smoking is permitted . . ."

"How is the black fly situation?" Miss Rodman had to assure many correspondents that their vacation at the Cana Colony would cost them only what they could afford; that there was daily Mass—and lectures during part of the year—and baby sitters—and even diaper service—and swings and slides for the young ones, and boating and bathing in the shallow lake—and that the black flies were not too bad.

A story about the Summer School—which is held at Madonna House, and to which only single people are invited—and the Cana Colony which is exclusively for families (and th more and

(Continued on Page Four)

Return Postage Guaranteed
MADONNA HOUSE
COMBERMERE, ONTARIO, CANADA

RESTORATION

MADONNA HOUSE
Combermere, Ontario
Canada

VOL. XI.

No. 6

EDDIE DOHERTY Editor
CATHERINE DE HUECK-DOHERTY Managing Editor
REV. J. T. CALLAHAN Supervising Editor
THURSTON SMITH Circulation Manager

Subscription price \$1.00; Single copies 10c

RESTORATION is published monthly for clarification of Catholic social thought with the approbation of the Most Reverend Bishop W. J. Smith of Pembroke, Ontario, and is owned by Madonna House Secular Institute. Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

RESTORATION is a Member of the Catholic Press Association

WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

Which red shall it be? The red of hates? Endless . . . innumerable hates . . . that fill the hearts of men? Hate of the poor toward the rich, the "have-nots" toward the "haves". The hates of children against parents . . . brother against brother . . . black against white . . . and white against black? The hates of all men of color, against men of colorless skins? The hate of atheists against God and the children of God? The hate of the children of God against other children of the same God . . . Arab against Jew, and vice versa.

All these hates seem, from afar, the reflections of just ONE HATE, that of Satan against God.

What fires of hate must be in the heart of the Prince of Darkness, since its reflection in the hearts of man, can drown the earth in its endless shadows of reds Reds that inflame and fan big and little hates ever anew. Reds that bring forth thoughts of violence and murder. Individual . . . wholesale. Men against men. Nations against nations . . . Reds that die out seemingly, only when the grey of death takes over. But do they? Or do the souls of those who spend their lives in the reds of hate and destruction have to live their eternity in the endless fires from which all these "reflections" had their birth?

Or shall it be the RED OF LOVE? The red of the Precious Blood, that makes all it touches whiter than snow? That feeds souls with fountains of Love, bringing peace, the Peace of God who shed that Precious Blood so lavishly for the sons of man . . . because He loved so utterly?

Shall it be the red of His Precious Blood, that, mingling with the blood of the martyrs will once again bring to a faithless world the seeds of Faith? The vivid joyous red of the fiery Tongues . . . of the Paraclete . . . the Advocate . . . Who eternally pleads our cause before the face of the Father? The Holy Ghost's reds . . . reflected in the roses a lover sends his beloved?

Which red shall it be? The red of Communistic atheism . . . or that of Christ's Blood . . . and the Holy Ghost's Gift?

The red of hate? . . . Or the red of Love? . . . The red of war and strife . . . or the red of peace and joy? . . .

The red of the Sacred wounds . . . or the desecrated red of godless hearts . . . that bleed because they do not believe? . . .

The answer depends on us. It lies for all to see, especially in our strange days . . . cradled in the greatest gift of God to man—OUR FREE . . . UNTRAMMELED WILLS. . .

What shall it be? On our answer depends the kind of red that will take over the earth. If it is not His . . . then for one instant . . . shorter than a second on a man's watch . . . man will see the colors of hell bursting against the skies . . . behold the incarnated red hot hatred of Satan's heart . . . in an exploding hydrogen bomb.

And in less than a second on a man's watch, after he has seen this sight, he will know the smell and taste of Satan's eternal cosmic hatred of God and His blessed Mother.

He will know it in full—because he will have become part of it for eternity . . .

WHICH RED SHALL IT BE? . . . WE MUST CHOOSE NOW . . .

Learning Christ

Teach me, my Lord, to be sweet and gentle in all the events of life; in disappointments, in the thoughtlessness of others, in the insincerity of those I trusted, in the unfaithfulness of those on whom I relied.

Let me put myself aside, to think of the happiness of others, to hide my little pains and heart-aches, so that I may be the only one to suffer from them.

Teach me to profit by the suffering that comes across my path.

Let me so use it that it may mellow me, not harden nor embitter me; that it may make me patient, not irritable; that it may make me broad in my forgiveness, not narrow, haughty and overbearing.

May no one be less good for having come within my influence. No one less pure, less true, less kind, less noble for having been a fellow-traveler in our journey toward Eternal Life.

As I go my rounds from one distraction to another, let me whisper, from time to time, a word of love to Thee. May my life be lived in the supernatural, full of power for good, and strong in its purpose of sanctity.

A Love Letter To Almighty God

By Eddie Doherty

Dear God of Heaven and Earth; Thanks for showing my letters to so many of Your friends. You encourage me to continue writing You, even when I have nothing to say. Nothing, that is, but "have mercy on me, a sinner"; or "I love You, God, let me love You more each day, each hour." A lover writes to his beloved when there is nothing in his mind or heart but the beating of a name. Right now the name that is pulsing through me is Your Own. "God. God. God."

You know what is crammed into the rhythm of that repetition; the love, the fear, the hope, the faith, the adoration, the thanks that soar so far above all words that I cannot speak them, the shame begotten of my sins, the confidence begotten of Your mercy, and the numbing wonder that I should dare to write to You! You know my weaknesses, my faults, my ornery ways. Yet You do not scorn to receive these letters, nor to permit them to be so widely read!

And Your Mother

And You answer them, sometimes through happenings, sometimes through the letters of Your friends. Many of your missionaries write me from far off fields, Namoi in the Fiji Islands, Port Herald in Nyasaland, Anaheim Lake in British Columbia, and nameless spots in India, Burma, Africa, and Ceylon. They say Masses for my intentions, they tell me. And they have their congregations pray for me—congregations of new converts, fervent Catholics, living saints! Your generosity overwhelms me, Lord God Almighty, whenever I think of it. They write me also about Your Mother, Mary. Your Mother, Your Spouse, Your spotless Daughter, Your reigning Queen. And with each letter I feel myself loving her a little more. God, let me keep growing in love with her forever and forever and forever!

Your friend Anita Mary of Chicago, who is so devoted to Bl. Martin de Porres and St. Philomena, is a missionary too, in her own way; though she will undoubtedly deny it. You have let her read my letters—and You have let her sense my hunger to love Our Lady as she should be loved. So she suggests that I become one of the Ambassadors of Mary.

An Extra Prayer

I have written a few words about these men. They carry the statue of the Pilgrim Virgin of Fatima to various homes in and around Chicago—and there are somewhere between forty and fifty statues being constantly honored. The Ambassadors, founded, I believe, by Father James Mary Keane, O.S.M., of Our Lady of Sorrows parish, strive to spread throughout the world the "reign of Jesus through Mary."

To become an Ambassador, it seems, all one has to do is to "increase your prayers and devotions in reparation to her Immaculate Heart and to accept the Marian Way of Life which she so clearly defined during her apparitions at Fatima in 1917." Among the obligations one assumes are these: "Pledge at least one more Marian devotion or prayer (usually daily) over and above what you are now doing."

"Select one of the lesser known feasts of Our Lady as your personal Marian feast day."

Five Saturdays

"Make a day of recollection on the first Saturday of every month, if possible."

"Assume the Marian apostolate of soliciting your friends and neighbors to take on the obligations of an Ambassador of Mary."

"For those whose duties will not permit the entire day of recollection, we suggest Mass and Holy Communion, with 15 minutes of meditation on the mysteries of the Rosary (Our Lady's request), and then as much of the day as possible be given to prayer and meditation."

Anita Mary sent me a "Pledge leaflet" to fill out and forward to the National Secretary of the Ambassadors of Mary, 5916½ W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

I joyfully seized the opportunity to become an Ambassador and thus help to honor Our Lady more than I did yesterday or the day before. As my "Marian Feast Day" I chose December 12th, which honors her under the title of Our Lady of Guadalupe. And someday, God, with Your help—and her own—I shall write a book about Our Lady of Guadalupe, Our Lady of Mexico, Our Lady of all the Americas.

Ave, Ave, Ave Maria

What extra prayer shall I say? I have read a great many, and have found fault with all of them—all except two written by Pope Pius XII. Some are too sweet. Some are too wordy. Some are too stiff and proper. Some are too austere. Some have a craven fear in them, which the author thinks is "humility." So I shall simply say more Hail Marys, more Hail Holy Queens. And I shall speak more often to "Our Lady of Combermere."

Thank You, God, for this high privilege!

"There is only one return we can make to God for all His gifts to us, and that is to praise Him."

A holy Carmelite nun in Ohio wrote me that, Lord, and I repeat her words here because they are so true.

"Mary loves Him for us", she says, "and we sing His praises day and night 'til we can't sing any longer and are just united to Him in her heart."

"This tender mother keeps us all—pleasing in His eyes. This is her work, and the more we are abandoned to her influence the happier and holier we will become."

This nun, too, Lord, assures me of constant prayers, and remembrance at many Masses.

It is a mad world, God. But You have many friends here; and they love You dearly. Let me love You as they do.

Your scribbler, Eddie.

In Paris Two Days Before DeGaulle

By Francoise De Castro

(Miss DeCastro, Madonna House Librarian, is temporarily abroad.)

It was 10 p.m. Thursday night. The little Renault wiggled into the Place de la Concorde. A young man handed us, through the window, a pamphlet, "DE GAULLE AU POUVOIR" (De Gaulle for president), and rushed to the next car.

Horns were tooting, and so used was I to my noisy Paris that it was a few seconds before I realized that what they were tooting was a war-cry: A . . . F . . . meaning "Algeri Francaise" (Algeria to the French). They were the "right wing" colonialists, the Algiers rebels.

My friend, the driver, had but one thought: "Let's get out of here . . . there will be danger."

Danger! That's why I had flown from Montreal the day before. Danger! I let her talk, knowing by experience that the one most impossible thing these days (if ever) is to convince a Frenchman or woman—against his or her will. But I was French too, so, as soon as she had let me out at the door of my apartment, I turned back and began to walk in the direction of the Concorde.

A Joyful Fear

During those few moments, the situation had considerably changed. The place was "dark with people" as the French have it. Police was everywhere. The tooting cars were noisily racing around the Obelisk. For a split second, I was afraid, and that, in itself, was joy enough! For in one day I had seen it again: this wondrous sight, gone after the war, that certain "something" in the eyes of people; the determination to fight, maybe to die, for what they believed!

I made my silver Pax-Caritas Staff worker cross visible. If there was a fight, no matter which side I got caught with, it would be known as a token of peace. Of that I was sure.

I tried to cross the bridge in front of the Parliament. The "gendarme" who stopped me had that tinge of appreciative courtesy which to women spells "Paris", but it was obvious that today "looking cute" would get me nowhere, not even across the forbidden bridge.

I looked hopeful and concerned: "Is De Gaulle still here?" said I, pointing to the Assembly building. He looked informed, and mysterious, but remained silent.

"You can't tell?" He nodded his head. "Well then, I can't make you break your promise!" I retreated, leaving him mildly pleased with himself. He did not look as if he had received orders to use his club.

"Hang Duclos"

We waited. The tooting cars went round and round. A couple of tourists were walking with a camera. The night was warm. From the open cars, shouts were heard: "DE GAULLE AU POUVOIR. DE DUCLOS AU POTEAU." De Gaulle for president; Hang Duclos—the communist leader.

There was a large and silent crowd, standing there, watching, while the young "rebels" were

driving in their convertibles, holding out their right arms with their fingers in a V, Churchillwise, and rhythmically shouting. Young, they were, very young, well fed, and strong. They went round and round. The crowd stood.

A young man was standing next to me. He had a short beard, and a pipe. He looked like a student. He said nothing, he didn't move. He watched, but he didn't seem to know what to do. He was peaceful enough, it seemed. He was not looking for a fight, as were the young things in their cars. He was watchful, that's the word. Watchful, and restrained. What he would do was not yet clear. But what he would not tolerate was already apparent.

So Home To Bed

All of a sudden, a well ordered crowd, with flags, came down the Champs Elysees. French flags, and La Marseillaise. This could be either side. But their flags had the cross of Lorraine, and their shouts were de Gaulle. They were "the right". They walked quietly and in order. Where were they going? I heard them say "to l'Humanité" (the communist paper). We walked silently for a mile. The streets were deserted.

We spoke no word. No one seemed ready to do anything, not out of cowardice, but out of wisdom—knowing that a gesture of violence might start a civil war. They all knew it. They were not afraid, but they waited. A civil war was serious.

At l'Humanite the grilles were tightly closed. Numerous shadows could be seen inside, but there was no crowd outside. I drew a sigh of relief, and took the subway "home".

On Heavenly Mansions

By Jose De Vinck

There are many Mansions in the Father's House: some have a broader, more transparent picture-window toward the splendors of the Trinity's Life; they are closer to the Source, and permit a more detailed and intimate view into the infinitely majestic and inexhaustible garden of Love. Each of these Mansions, the highest as well as the most humble, will offer its tenant-soul as much delight as this soul is able to contain; and to know that the tenants of other mansions may be enjoying a better view will be nothing but a source of delight to those in the lesser abodes; for, seeing God and knowing His justice, they will love the precise pattern in which He lavishes His gifts.

Yet we should all strive toward the highest mansions, and it is only the fool who says: "As long as I can squeeze in, it is all I want." Such weakness is the sign of a lukewarm heart, for which Christ expressed His disgust in no uncertain terms! And so the only attitude worthy of a man is to tend toward the best, and all of it, and right now.

But are we all called to the best, to the highest mansions? Yes indeed: you, and me, and every man in the street, for such a dwelling is not "restricted" to the professed religious. To be sure, the state of the religious who make the three vows is one of the surest and safest ways to perfection, but it is unfortunate that, in manuals of ascetical theology, this state is called "the state of perfection", for this gives the religious a false sense of security, and the layman, a feeling of being left out.

Properly speaking, the "state of perfection" exists in heaven only. Since the Ascension of Christ and the Assumption of His Mother, there is on earth no perfect man or perfect woman. The present life has nothing static: it is a continuous and dynamic flow, and for most of us it fluctuates between the high waters of love and the low waters of sin. Even in the case of those whose life is a continuous ascent, no summit once attained is ever a guarantee against the liability of a fall.

And so the important thing is not to strive for a state of formal perfection which is an impossible goal, but for the state of actual love whose flames will burn the weaknesses of our human condition. Let us even, with St. Paul, rejoice in this weakness, for the love of God will only find enough space in us if we are weak, and empty, and in deep want of Him.

Let us all sing Alleluia! For we are all part of the same Communion of Love, and the doors to the highest mansions are ready to open before all of us, priests and religious, lay apostles and laymen, for these doors are the same as the doors of our heart: if, through total surrender and confident love, in the childlikeness of our faith and hope, we open ourselves to the Spirit of Love, the doors of the highest mansions will open before us at the time of our Passover.

Wanted Teen Age Love

By Catherine Maynard

Casa De Nuestra Senora, Winslow, Arizona.—Saint Michael's Retreat and Mission House is a haven of peace where all of nature, rolling hills, fields, and trees, join the Franciscan Monks in the praise and glory of God. This is the beautiful spot where we three at the Casa chose to make our annual retreat. Three days in which to withdraw from the busy world to think, to pray, to review the past year spent in Winslow, three days in which to ask for the grace to know how to correct our mistakes and to come closer to God. Such precious days these were! Nature displayed God's Beauty and the zealous missionary sisters and priests who work among the Navajos reflected His Love.

To top everything, the Holy Spirit acted as our retreat Master.

St. Martha



In Their Teens

During these days' many thoughts crowded my mind. Because many of our activities are centred around teen-agers, they popped in and out frequently. Teenagers . . . every social worker, teacher, probation officer, juvenile court judge, and magazine writer has written about them, analysed them, dissected them. Now I was thinking about those in Winslow. Gang by gang, then one by one, they filed past my mind's eye. Those who come to catechism class and the many more who don't. All different in appearance, yet all with the same need; a goal, a cause, a hero.

We know that only one Person can fill this desire perfectly—Christ. How will they see this? Only a teenager himself, one on fire, in love with Love, aware of his responsibilities as an apostle to other teenagers, can penetrate and change his own age group. The most an adult can do is to direct and channel.

Paging All Teens

If in the Communist areas, youth can be so totally and completely dedicated to the "Party" to the point of betraying mother and father for the cause, our youth can be just as dedicated, and they can be consumed with the love of Christ!

During this retreat, fervent prayers were offered for our Spanish speaking youths, these loved ones of Our Lady of Guadalupe. How much we love them! How easy it is to love them . . . their spontaneous smile for a smile, their confidence for interest shown to them! If there were only one among them to start the ball rolling!

There have been Catholic Action groups formed to awaken their generosity and inspire them to go out and show the Face of Christ to their fellow teen-agers, and spread news of His love.

There is a catechism class twice a week after school. It is given for the fancy name of Christology for the older teens. This course covers many topics from "how to act with boys" to "how to become a saint". The emphasis is on their responsibility as vital members of the Mystical Body of Christ. These classes at the most reached only 1/20 of the teen-age population!

Here Are A Few

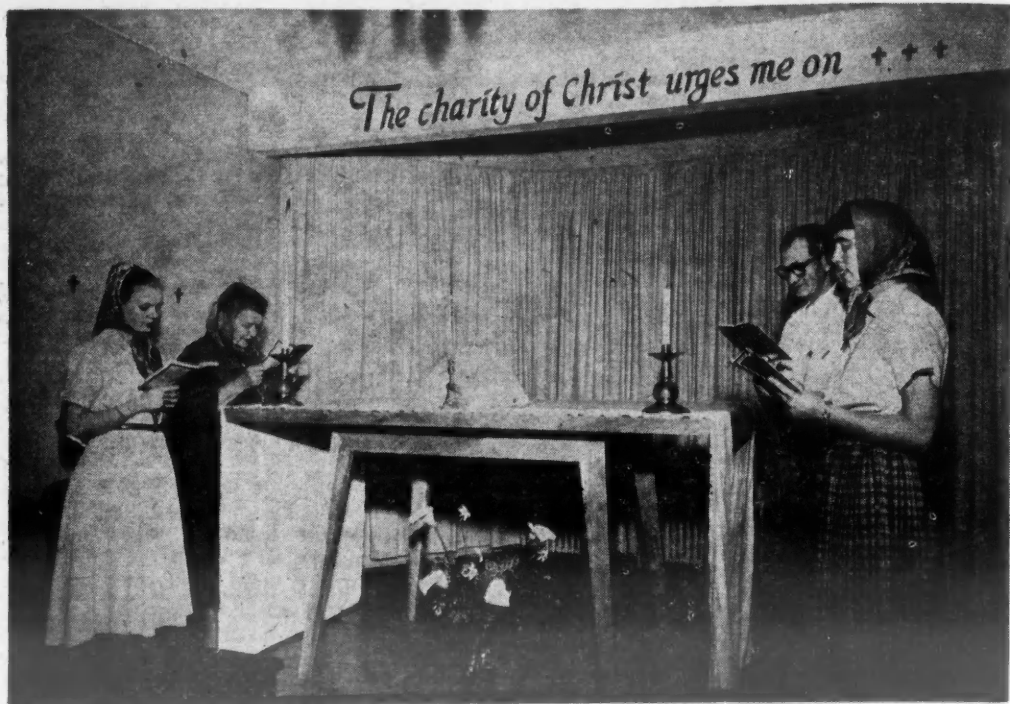
However there is hope in sight. When we had returned from Saint Michael's we were pleased to hear that two of the teen-age girls had decided to go to San Jose Mission, in Hereford, Texas.

This is also a Training Centre for Catholic Action. It gives a 3-months summer course in Liturgy, Theology for lay people, folk dancing, and other subjects.

It is an ideal place to awaken apostolic zeal in generous teen-agers. The idea spread. Up-to-date there are 7 teen-age girls going to San Jose!

It is hoped they come back overflowing with love, on fire with the desire to enkindle their spiritually poor milieu.

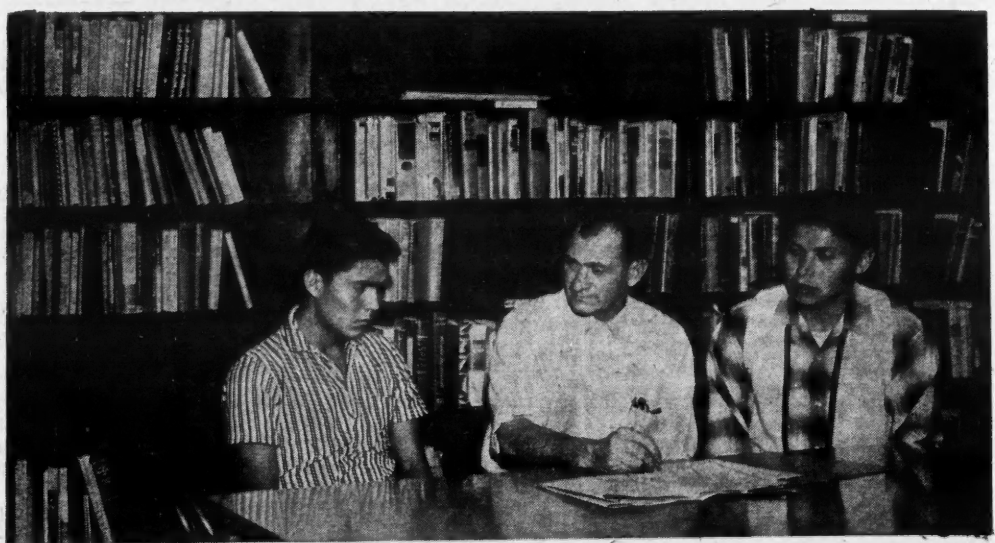
PORTLAND PICTURE



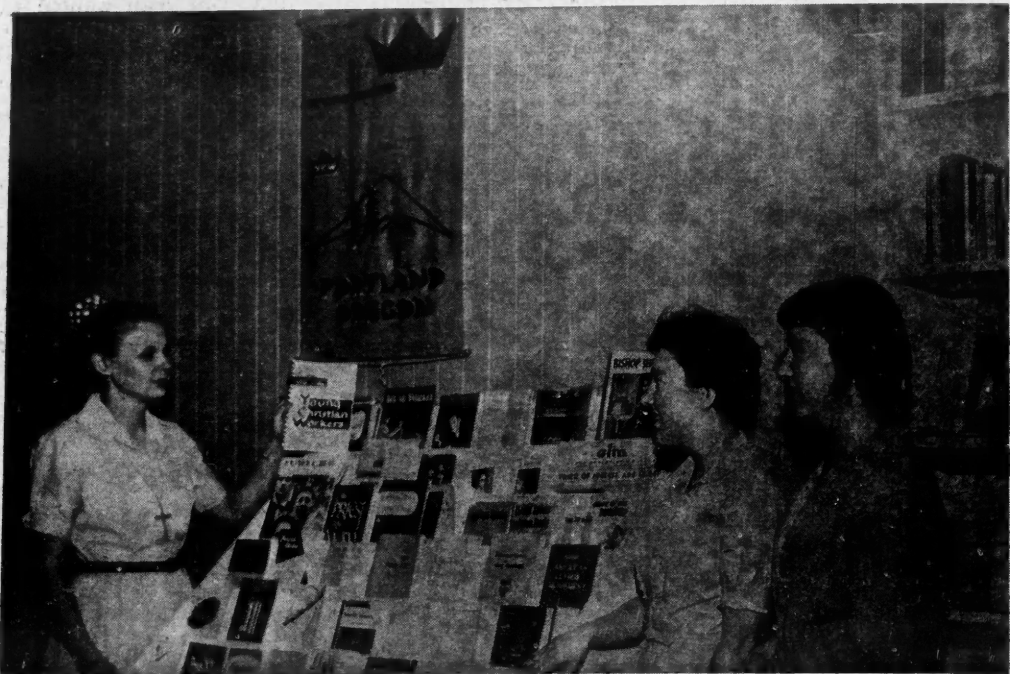
In the House Chapel, next to the altar that faces the people, the Staff assemble for Compline, the evening prayer of the Church.



Pictured is the Director General, Mrs. Catherine Doherty, and the Local Director, Mary Kay Rowland, and Staff Worker Diane Zdunich who since has been transferred to Madonna House.



Pete Loftus counsels two young Indian friends in the Stella Maris Library.



Mary Kay Rowland points out some of the pertinent literature to two members of the Young Christian Workers.

LOOK AT BOOKS

THIS IS THE MASS. As described by Henri Daniel-Rops; as celebrated by Fulton J. Sheen; as photographed by Yousuf Karsh. Hawthorn Books, Inc., New York. 1958. \$4.95.

This book is, without question, a masterpiece. The photographs of Bishop Sheen offering Holy Mass are done by the top-ranking photographic artist of our day and are a real work of art. The priestly personality of the Bishop, brought to light by superb photography, as he moves from one stage of the Mass to the next, is a powerful lesson without words.

Each step of the Mass is described by Daniel-Rops in clear, precise language, and always with a view to the historical and liturgical context of the prayers and actions that are taking place. The beautiful prayer that capitulates the meaning and significance of each phase of the Mass adds a sound devotional and inspirational touch to the excellent doctrinal treatment.

In an age when so few of the Catholics who attend Mass really understand what they are doing or appreciate to any extent this stupendous mystery of Christ's love for mankind, this book should be in every Catholic home and be read constantly.

DEATH by DROWNING

Let me, O Lord; let me plunge headlong into the sea of Your love.

Let me dive deeply, O Lord; let me dive so deeply down, down, that I may drown.

Let the waters cover me so completely that I may never swim again to the surface.

Let Your heavenly waters cleanse me thoroughly of all the things of this world.

Yet the sea of Your love engulf me, O Lord.

Let me, my God, my King, my All; let me drown.

Make me, my Love; make me forget self so utterly that my will may be one with Yours.

Teach me, Master; teach me to know, to love, to serve.

Fill me, Chalice of Divine Life; fill me that I may overflow with Your Love.

Help me, my God, for I am weak. Keep me from struggling against the help of Your guiding hands.

Let me drown, Lord, in the sea of Your outstretched arms and Your all-embracing Heart.

Death by drowning—death that brings life.

Death by drowning—sweet death, merciful death, painful death, happy death.

Death by drowning—submerged peacefully 'neath the waters of Omnipotent Love.

Death by drowning—dissolved like water in wine; intermingled in His blood.

Death by drowning—lost, found; death, life; pain, joy—peace of mind, soul, and heart.

My God, my King, Let it be thus. Mary Beth Mitchell

Birth and Baptism

Announcements

All Occasion

Greeting Cards

all with white vellum envelopes

25 for \$2.00

designs and texts featuring the Liturgy and Holy Scripture

ST. LEO SHOP

Newport, R. I.

a non-profit corporation for the liturgical apostolate

In His Name

Has anyone a good mandolin, guitar, banjo, or other stringed instrument, new or old, for a young polio victim? The girl who needs it has sufficient use of her hands now to make music—and she must have music. She was about to enter a convent when she contracted the disease. Making music would mean, to her, the difference between hopelessness and independence. If you have such a gift for her, please send it to Miss Irene Kiley, Box 71, Allston 34, Massachusetts, U.S.A., who will forward it. You will be repaid with many prayers.

OUR YUKON MISSION BEGINS FIFTH YEAR

By Mamie Legris

Another June has come and gone. Another year in the life of Maryhouse has gone by and our apostolate in the Yukon has begun its fifth year of activities. Many memories are associated with those years.

First there was the historic "Trek in a Truck" when Louie, Kathleen and I spent five pleasant but tiring weeks travelling from Combermere to Whitehorse across Canada in a half-ton truck. Somehow we never tire of talking about that trip. Our first summer was spent in building living quarters for the staff and arranging in Maryhouse two dormitories—one for transient women and one for transient men. Everyone ate with the staff in their small dining room. We organized a lending library and had a few hundred books, most of which we had brought from Madonna House. The number of transients eating and sleeping here seemed large at that time to us and we were sure we were doing a big job.

Work, Always Work

The year 1955 passed by quickly; the work grew but the space didn't. Our staff still numbered three and we were the three who came in the half-ton Chevrolet across Canada. We made many new friends. More people became acquainted with our work and life went happily and sometimes unhappily on.

In April 1956 I succeeded in buying St. Joseph's lot across the street from Maryhouse. I had no plans for it but thought it would be a good property when our apostolate expanded. Before very long we had plans for St. Joseph's lot. . . . Bishop Coudert visited us one evening in June and said that in September five Indian Boys from Lower Post would be going to high school in Whitehorse and he would like them to board at Maryhouse. He would donate a sixty foot barracks, part of the former Christ the King School to be moved onto the lot.

We had a hard busy summer. It was hard to raise fifty dollars a month to pay for the property, and it was harder still to get money for the building supplies needed for St. Joseph's House. September came and with it the five boys who for three months slept, ate and studied in our library.

Finally St. Joseph's House was ready for occupation in December and the boys and male staff moved in, at least to sleep there.

They still ate and studied in the library at Maryhouse. That year will go down in history as a hectic one.

A Baker's Dozen

Then the good news came that in September 1957 we would have thirteen boys boarding with us. That was surely too many to eat and study in the library — we needed more space—at least another building if we were to have transient men, women, children, babies and thirteen teen-age boys.

St. Catherine's was the answer—a miraculous answer and it was next door to Maryhouse. We bought it in June and it was ready for action in September when the boys came from the four corners of the Vicariate, ready to begin

their studies for another year. In it are a dormitory for transient women, a big kitchen and two workers, Edith and Mary, and a dining room. The latter is also a study room for the boys. Often it is their recreation centre too.

So our work has grown in four years. Today we have five staff workers. In 1954 our monthly average for meals was about 20; in 1958 it averaged 1600 per month; the average of night's lodgings was 100 three years ago; today it is close to 600. Daily now much clothing is distributed to the needy—our library has close to 3000 books and it is slowly acquiring avid readers. Daily people come to us with their big and little problems. . . . Quite often we give food to some needy family, a bed, a mattress, a frying pan.

Just Plain Work

The daily agenda of a staff worker is quite ordinary—our spiritual exercises, cooking doing dishes, laundry, mending, scrubbing, cataloguing books, doing office work, cutting wood—(Mike and Louie have just finished cutting seventy cords of four-foot jackpine for next winter.) supervising the boys, chatting with the hostel men, distributing clothing, cleaning stove pipes, and so on. Certainly nothing startling or glamorous.

Like the other houses of the apostolate, we reach a point where there is no money to pay the bills. Last year I appealed to the local organizations of every creed to sponsor a carnival to raise money for Maryhouse. Everyone pitched in and it was wonderful to see what a united effort could do!

The carnival was a success in every way, and all felt they were working for a good cause. We are having a similar program in about two weeks' time to help Maryhouse financially. We are confident that, with our good friends behind us, it will be just as much of a success this time.

It is our hope that the staff who have labored in Maryhouse for the past four years have grown as much spiritually as our apostolate has grown materially and that Our Lady of the Yukon will continue to bless our work.

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

On the feast of Our Lady's Queenship, three years ago, Marian Centre, Edmonton, Alberta, first opened its blue door to welcome ten hungry men and give them a hot plate of stew and a hotter cup of tea.

In celebration of this event, the Staff Workers and Staff Worker Applicants in Madonna House, gathered around Dot Phillips, the director of the Centre, and sang to her joyfully. Dot has been ordered by her physician to take a long rest; and has returned to Madonna House, knowing it is the best resting place in the world.

Miss Marite Langlois has taken charge of the Centre in Dot's absence. And Thurston Smith, circulation manager of Restoration, was rushed to Edmonton to take Miss Langlois' place as head of the

One of the songs that greeted Dot on her "anniversary" was one we frequently sing in common, to the tune of "Home on the Range".

O give me a home where the Catholic Information Centre.

Christophers roam;

Where the Staff and the volunteers stay;

Where never is heard a discouraging word,

And Apostles are busy all day.

Home—Home on the plains,

The house of Our Lady so fair.

May her blessings descend

On each guest and each friend,

Peace and charity ever dwell there.

The Christophers, you probably know, are known sometimes as "tramps, bums, stiffies, albies, rubbies, or scum." They are the unfortunates, men out of work; sick men; old men; lonely men; homeless men; wanderers; pensioners; brothers of Christ.

They number about 400 a day now—three years later.

How many will they be three years from now?

Indecision

By Peggy Clarke

O Lord, make me decisive in my ways that order and fullness may come of these moments here, so rare, so few, to spend them for you and the high things of eternity.

O Lord, save me from indecision and the stolen moments and the stolen hours that the whole world, it seems, steals from Thee and throws on the waters of indetermination and purposelessness, making conversation over nothing, to no end, endlessly, day and night, in and out, forever mute in knowing what is in themselves but forever articulate in what is not.

O Lord, Lord of the moment and Lord of the years, give a light to my mind that each day may finish its deed, that each deed may lead to clearer purpose; and decision, cementing all, may make of these a temple of dedication, through which you may work a final building of glory, a finished work, a deed to tell of purposefulness, a work proclaiming quiet decision.

lady fair of the working day, lady firm of the many deeds, lady true of the word and purpose, keep me guided and sure, strong and certain peaceable and purposeful to the blessed trinity of the noble deeds.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

By Catherine Doherty

At times life seems truly unbearable for a Christian. My mother used to say, that this realization comes often to Russians, because they were given by God the strange and heavy gift of "man one-ness with another in God". Perhaps that was her way of expressing the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ.

As I grew older, I realized that, to us who form a strange bridge between the East and the West, has been given the gift of empathy... of identification, of inner compassioning, of understanding our fellow men everywhere. Some time ago I heard Bishop Sheen on the TV, trying to explain this strange trait... this Russian trait. He gave as an example the story of a poor family living in a basement, and a well-to-do Western family I think he said American family who found out about the poor beneath them, the family on the first floor of the same house... The bishop said this family would bestir itself immediately and get help for the poor ones... Clothing, food, social service, even cash.

Be Poor With Poor

A Russian family, he said lived on the second floor, would move in with the poor family, or move the poor family in with them, and share all they had. Then when everything was spent, they would be poor with the poor, thereby giving all they had, plus themselves. This is the Caritas of Christ.

This was a good example of the "foolishness" of the Russian soul. Yet somehow all explanations fall short of one's own extensional experience. And where are the words to express it with? And why should it be expressed? I don't know. All I know is that I must seek words, even faltering, inadequate useless words to express what is in my soul... Even if no one "hears me" or reads what I write. Because to each of us comes a time when we must speak out that which like hunger eats us up... or, like fire, consumes us. Perhaps to each comes a time when one must "open his mouth and let the Lord speak". I would not be sure about that. All I know is that I must speak... I must speak, or die some strange inner death.

I am like a river of pain. I am like Rachel weeping. I am like one gone down into a pit... who must cry out to the Lord from its depths.

Long Hard Road

Long has been my road into the land of poverty and pain. I could name its stops. The slums of Toronto... the Harlems of America... The loneliness and poverty of far away rural areas.

Pain... poverty... heat... cold... dirt... misery... flaming anger... the sharing of injustices and injuries, the living in vermin-infested places... the round-the-clock watching and sharing the poverty and pain of the utterly poor... all this I have endured. Yet now I know I have not even begun.

Today I behold my utter poverty. Today I know my complete nothingness. Yet, somehow, how I know not, I have begun, barely begun, to know the pain of Christ in all men.

It shakes me... and lays me low. I shiver like one in a marsh fever... and my sleep, when it comes is uneasy. At times I think I fall under the burden of just this tiny glimpse, and am like one dead in the dust of a thousand non-existing roads. At other times I am a beggar who sings soundless lamentations... that go something like this:

"Oh! you who pass by... well clothed ad fed... do you see the children... the men... the women of Asia... sleeping on the streets... eating garbage... dying because no one cares to keep them alive?"

Hear My Cry

"Oh! you who pass by... bent on a thousand errands that may or may not matter... Do you hear the shouting silence... of the silent Church? Do your eyes see the tortured Christ... dying on a million crosses in China and Russia and all the countries under the heavy hammer and the sharp sickle?"

"Oh! you who pass by... your eyes seem to be clear... and to see far... Do they see the need, the sorrow, the poverty all around in that alleyway. you skirt so carefully, be it night or day, in that slum area of your city, in that tumbledown farm in your countryside?"

"Oh! you who pass by... do you know... do you wish to know... to share... to carry... the burden of sorrow... loneliness... hunger... thirst for truth? Do you feel the hunger for God known to the endless millions

who know Him not? Or does only one thing matter to you... your well-being... your happiness? Have you not learned yet that this is utterly dependent on that of others?"

"Oh! you who pass by... behold His sorrow... in all men... in our brothers... for we are one in Him who made us one on the Cross. Let us at least share all things inwardly... realizing this oneness... understanding that there are no Jews... no gentiles... no black, brown, or white people... that there is one Mystical Body, potential or already existing. Let us open our minds, hearts, souls... all of ourselves... and, identifying ourselves with all others... bear their burdens... atone for their sins... and meet the river of pain and loneliness with a sea of love."

Victims of Love

What matters if, in the process, we shall be annihilated... become holocausts? We shall be lifted up, and draw all things, through ourselves, to Him! What matters anything but making Him known and loved... bearing His pain... making up what is wanting in His suffering? The world will be restored to Him only if we do open ourselves up... and become victims of love, apostles of love. Then all our works of love... only then... will be fruitful.

Then we shall live the Beatitudes... and by living them renew the fire on the earth—which makes all things whole and clean again. We can do this. We must do this. FOR HE IS WITH US UNTO THE END OF TIMES... AND IN HIM WE CAN DO ALL THINGS.

How small my funny Russian accented voice sounds! How inadequate are the words! Yet they had to be said... though stumblingly... slowly, painfully.

Maybe someone can "read between lines". Maybe someone will understand that indeed we are all one... and must help one another or perish... and that this help MUST BE GIVEN OUT OF OUR OWN SUBSTANCE!

Yes... Russians are strange people. And the gift God has given them... the gift of empathy and sympathy... is a heavy one.

A First Communion

By Mary Ann Gilmore

At an evening Mass on Ascension Thursday seven little children dressed in spotless white knelt in the first pews of the tiny country church. The church was crowded, more so than usual, for these evening Masses allowed the whole family to come to Mass. But this night there was something special in the air. That same something special that hovers over every Catholic church, city cathedral or mission hut, when there is First Communion.

There were no nuns here to line the children up, to see that they received proper admonishments to kneel up straight, to keep their elbows off the top of the pew, to use their handkerchiefs. This is a mission church. There are no sisters at Latchford Bridge. Jan Hills, who had instructed four of the communicants, knelt behind them, sharing the pew with the family who knelt there every Sunday.

To Live Is Christ

My mind was far away when Father Hass, our good pastor, gave the sermon. I was thinking back over the long winter when Jan had gone over and over the prayers and questions in the little Number One Catechism with the children. But some of Father's words must have filtered through. Quoting words Pope Pius X addressed to a group of children who had just made their First Communion:

"See, dear children, the graces which flow from Holy Communion. By giving Himself, Our Blessed Savior tells our mind what the truth is, shows our will what is just and holy, and opens our heart to what is good. And so one who goes to Holy Communion can say in all truth with St. Paul, 'For me to live is Christ. It is now no longer I that live, but Christ lives in me.'"

I looked at the children, and further words of Pope Pius X came to me: "God, being infinite Beauty, the soul united to Christ draws upon itself the admiring and tender gaze of the angels, who, were they capable of any passion, would be filled with envy. Moreover, God being Charity in His very essence, the faithful soul united to Jesus Christ is, as it were, rapt in a blissful ecstasy, for charity transforms him."

"It is evident in his appearance and even on his countenance, in the fervent prayers of his heart, and in the sweetness of the words which fall from his lips like honey. Everything about him, recalls and shows forth love."

So it was with these seven souls. This night they would be-

come other Christs, in a very real sense. They would go back to their proud, overjoyed families, and, by their very presence, fill more than one home with the very God who had created them.

Gone Like A Dream

Now the thirteen weeks during the winter when Francoise De Castro, Janet And myself had gone every Sunday into the village of Quadeville to teach Catechism seemed like a dream. Those twenty miles of curves and bumps on the road from Combermere had, on snow-laden below zero days, seemed like fifty miles. But no matter how bad the weather or the roads the home of Michael and Biddy Dwyer, where we held the lessons, was always warm and cheery.

The young boys and girls warmed themselves by the roaring wood stove many a Sunday afternoon while we talked about God and His Mother and the things of God. He must have been pleased with the little ones. Some had walked two and three miles to the lessons because the heavy snows covering the bush roads had made driving impossible.

It was a busy house those Sundays with two groups sitting on board benches in the front room and another group in the kitchen reciting, listening and questioning. Mrs. Dwyer, with ten children of her own, never seemed to mind the snow and mud tracked in by thirty children. She would sit quietly in the kitchen by the stove with her youngest in her arms and happily say that she got as much out of the lessons as the children.

The religious instruction these children received is that taught in the home, and two weeks of Catechical instruction given during the summer, by the Sisters of Social Service.

On Sunday before Ascension Thursday we had a picnic to close the classes for the summer. It was a dark rainy day but nevertheless five of our staff workers piled into a car packed with bats, balls, hot dogs, and everything needed for a good time. The children, their parents, and all the younger and older brothers and sisters had already arrived at the parish hall when we drove into the yard.

The sun too had arrived with the promise of a beautiful afternoon. Ed Watson and Mike Lopez rounded up the ball players and got a rousing game under way while the babies and parents had a grand time in the hall; The little ones playing with blocks and balls and the older folks enjoying bingo. Kathy Rodman had the hot dogs boiling and cocoa warm and delicious just when everyone was hungry.

After a fine picnic dinner, Ed closed the day with some folk songs on his guitar and a final song to Mary, the Mother of all children and the patroness of our "trips to Quadeville."

EDDIES OF '58

(Continued from Page One)

poorer the merrier) was printed in the May 25th issue of Our Sunday Visitor. Almost immediately the mail started coming. Before a week had ended more than a hundred letters and postcards had come to us, and many wires and telephone calls had been received. It seemed for a time, as though all the millions of readers of the magazine would soon be converging on Madonna House, or on St. Anne's farm, where the Colony is located.

This One Must Wait!

"The saddest letter", Miss Rodman said, "came from a girl in Southern California. She wrote that the Summer School was 'just the thing' for her. She would be 17 in August. But how was she to raise money enough to get here? 'I wouldn't ask my parents to dish out the money for a ticket—but I would be willing to work if you had any jobs available. I was so sorry for her! We couldn't take her—even if she could come—because a girl must be at least 18 before she is eligible. It hurt to tell her she must wait a year or two.'"

There were letters from California, and from such other far away regions as Florida, Nebraska, Texas, Alberta, Manitoba, and Saskatchewan. After the first week we knew there would be at least one hundred young men and women—mostly young women—at our Summer School, starting the first Monday of this month—and more than fifty families in the Colony.

We finished the sixth cabin just in time for the inrush—and Ed Watson tastefully decorated its front door with a beautiful sunflower design. This cabin is known as St. Gerard's. It was built by two priests—who worked as hard on it as the boys and girls worked preparing to receive Christ and His Mother and His disciples at Cana.

Work? Working for Christ and His friends is not really work. It is joy. And it is prayer.

The Third Hour

The shadow of the sickle and the hammer grows... Uneasy is the sleep of those who still live in the "free countries", especially now with the turmoil in France, the revolutions in South America, Lebanon, and, oh—so many other parts of the free world!

Among us are many specialists on the very questions that so urgently demand an answer. One is Miss Helene Iswolsky, a Russian by birth, whose father was ambassador to France in the old days, a woman of deep culture, an author of most significant books, one especially—THE SOUL OF RUSSIA—published by Sheed and Ward—which should be widely circulated. If it be out of print—it should be reprinted with haste.

I DO BELIEVE, LORD
= HELP MY
UNBELIEF



Miss Iswolsky speaks many foreign languages, besides her mother tongue. She worked hard; and was found most useful, during the last war, by the American Government. She was one who listened to enemies broadcasts, and not only translated them but commented on them in a most useful manner.

One of her many achievements was the publishing of a little magazine called THE THIRD HOUR. Some of the aims of that publication are the defense of Social Justice, the rejection of all totalitarian doctrines and all racial discrimination, and the defense of human freedom and the dignity of man.

To work on behalf of these aims means, essentially, love, mutual understanding, service extended to all our fellow men, our brothers in Christ... to those who know Him, and to those who know Him not... especially to those who are poor and suffer all over the world.

THE NAME, "THE THIRD HOUR" was chosen in commemoration of the Third Hour of Pentecost (Acts 2, 1-17) when the Holy Spirit descended on the Apostles, filled them with CHARITY and bestowed on them the gift of tongues so that they could be sent to ALL NATIONS, AND SPEAK TO ALL OF LOVE AND FREEDOM IN CHRIST.

Perhaps Miss Iswolsky also remembered Mark's Gospel (15-25) 'AND IT WAS THE THIRD HOUR AND THEY CRUCIFIED HIM', even as the THIRD HOUR OF RUSSIA HAD COME.

This publication gathers its authors from among the "celebrities of God"... such as are truly worth listening to... and learning from... in this OUR HOUR OF DISTRESS... which MAY, IF WE PAY IT NO HEED... TURN INTO OUR THIRD HOUR.

Then they shall crucify US! Reading the contents of just one issue we listen to Abbe Pierre... Denis De Rougemont... Boris Pasternack, a contemporary Russian Poet... Claire Bishop... Maritain... Helene herself... and many others.

Yet, with such knowledge at our disposal... which will show us many of the sign posts we seek on our painful and torturous road of today... most of us are even unaware of its existence.

We should subscribe. We should send gifts... for these men and women to continue getting together in workshops... and conferences... that they may continue to publish this magazine... that they may yet rally the scattered ones of the Lord!

The address is—THE THIRD HOUR FOUNDATION INCORPORATED, P.O. BOX 6, LENOX HILL STATION, NEW YORK CITY, 21, N.Y. The subscription price is TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

ONE MAN'S SCRAP... Another Man's Gold

The problems of storage grows with changing patterns of life and habits. New models of radios, supersede old... new furniture with more comfy designs elbows out old fashioned pieces. Crockery and glassware change too. As do book covers, "silverware", costume jewelry, and a thousand other items of daily adornment and uses.

We are God's market for all these things. What we receive we give freely. As freely as it has been given to us. Also we have many friends interested in old fashioned and obsolete things. People the average man would not be able to contact. These are glad to hear of some old item and will give us a few pennies for same. These pennies, in turn, will help the helpless.

Cabin in the Snow

Why not send us that old fashioned chair that occupies so much space. Those cups without saucers... those saucers without cups and all those odd looking space-taking plates, etc? We can use even the ones that will break with a little careless packing. Yes mam yes sir, we make mosaics out of broken china. And we can repair old radios, and give them away. They will bring much joy to some little log cabin and its occupants, 'lost in our snowy woods.

Bicycles that junior outgrew and left behind are another item we can repair and give to kids who have to walk three or more miles to school. Just imagine what difference that bike will make to them...

Every item of household furnishings is priceless to people whose homes have burned out. This tragedy is one of the major ones in rural Canada and, alas, every year sees many such!

Spinning wheels... all kinds of hand weaving looms, of any shape or size, are truly a blessing for us... who try to be self-supporting in all ways possible. We have sheep. They have wool... we have the personnel... we can weave and spin and knit... and thus save ourselves the buying of socks, etc... and use the money saved to help others.

We run a dispensary for our own staff, and for such as are sent by the local physicians to us for help. Yet daily doctors and their nurses and receptionists wonder what to do with the ever mounting SAMPLE MAIL that comes to them.

If no one asked before — we would beg for those samples. All are carefully sorted. Those that belong to doctors and cannot be dispensed without their specific prescriptions, are passed on to them. And, believe you me, a rural GP has many destitute patients! Other samples are dispensed under proper medical supervision.

We sure could use these samples to the last little item. This request applies only to CANADIAN NURSES AND DOCTORS... NO DRUGS MAY BE SENT FROM THE U.S.A.

Nylon stockings... the ones with the hopeless runs... What rugs we make out of them... and how welcome they are hereabouts. Knitting wool too... the left overs of your knitting.

To our American friends we address a special request... on behalf of our Arizona Foundation. THEY STAND IN VITAL NEED OF ALL KINDS OF OFFICE SUPPLIES... OLD ENVELOPES, PAPER ETC. ETC. AND IF ANYONE WOULD LIKE TO GIVE THEM A SEWING MACHINE... THEY WOULD BE EVER SO GRATEFUL.

To send any bulky items or cartons weighing more than postal regulations permit, SHIP VIA CANADIAN NATIONAL R.R. TO BARRY'S BAY, ONT., CANADA. THE FULL ADDRESS WOULD READ... MADONNA HOUSE, COMBERMERE, ONT., VIA CANADIAN NATIONAL... R. R. BARRY'S BAY, ONT., CANADA. OUR ARIZONA'S FOUNDATION IS CASA DE NUESTRA SENORA, P.O. BOX 441, WINSLOW, ARIZONA.

THE SMITHALOG

(Thurston Smith, circulation manager of Restoration, rushed out to Edmonton to take over the Catholic Information Centre, is a man of pith. That is, he likes to put things in pithy paragraphs. Thus he gives us a very good idea of the daily routine at the C.I.C. The diary begins at the beginning of the month, although Mr. Smith did not see Edmonton until the 21st.)

May 1—35 people in today. 10 phone calls... A woman was in who was a convert from Mormonism, married to a Catholic. Another was an Anglican whose daughter had become a Catholic and whose son was married to an Eastern Rite Catholic. She was interested in learning about the Church and took some literature with her. 65 for Mass.

May 5—18 people today. 8 phone calls. Mrs. H here from noon to 3.20, stamping and counting pamphlets. Mrs. E. same 'til 5 p.m. M. helped in lunch hour. A woman asked what she could do about her two daughters married outside the church. Advised see parish priest. Took some literature on marriage problems and religion.

May 8—28 people during day. 4 phone calls. Long discussion in evening with working girl; subject "mixed marriages." Woman called for literature on Church's view of marriage "for non-Catholic friend."

May 10—53 people in today, many for religious articles for children making First Communion. 8 phone calls.

May 12—Around a dozen callers today. A woman inquiring about Catechism lessons for her children. Her husband non-Catholic. Children in public school. Gave her address of Sisters of Service; also parish priest. A Catholic woman called about adopting a child.

May 20—16 visitors today. 6 phone calls. A woman asked about taking instructions... in class or privately. A man from Roumania referred to us from the All Mission Church. Needs citizenship papers in order to get job up North. In the evening, meeting of Legion of Mary. Two new people attended.

May 24—Not too busy today. People wanted medals or film ratings. One girl came in to inquire about Legion of Mary.

May 26—Quiet day. Mr. H, non-Catholic, came to see if his order for 5 pamphlets was in. It wasn't. He started to talk. Bought Fr. O'Brien's pamphlet on the Reformation. Wanted to know whom to believe on "these matters" today. So many conflicting opinions. Wondered if Catholic Church had any doctrine on the last days, etc. Seemed inclined to controversy for sake of controversy. Learned later he has been here often, with many questions and his own theories. Will be back, no doubt.

May 27—Slow day. 11 visitors. One phone call. One young chap came in to buttress his arguments with his friends who are full of anti-Catholic ideas. Particularly wanted to know if one could prove St. Peter was crucified upside down. Friends seem to be Bible fanatics, making bets with him up to \$50 to prove something by Scripture.

May 29—Pretty busy. 30 visitors. 7 phone calls. Mr. H came back twice, buying pamphlets on the Pope, the Inquisition, Freedom of Worship, Reformation, Y.M.C.A. and Catholics. Seems rushing toward something. Many ladies in for First Communion presents.

May 31—Numerous Rosaries sold. Vigil of Holy Trinity Sunday. One man wanted to know Sunday Mass time in Westlock. Advised man to phone rectory in Westlock. Said he would.

(The Smithalog doesn't mention the fact that there are two Masses at the Center, on Holy days, at noon and at 1 o'clock; and at noon on ordinary week days—not that, in addition to other duties, he acts as Sacristan, and sometimes also as altar boy. Some times there are a hundred or more men and women at these Masses.)

RESTORATION, COMBERMERE, ONTARIO, CANADA

Please enter the following subscription:

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ Zone _____
1 Year—\$1.00
Province _____